

The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

NUMBER 1885

SOME -Summer Bargains- THAT ARE QUITE ATTRACTIVE

15 pieces Fancy White Goods reduced from 12½ and 15c to..... 10c per yard

All White Parasols at 25 per cent discount.

15 pieces 10-c Lawns, mostly dark..... 5c per yard

8 pieces figured Cotton Crapes for Kimonos—regular 18-c goods, at half price 9c per yard

One lot 50-cent Collar and Cuff Sets..... 35c

Agent's Samples Muslin Underwear 1-4 Off

There are some rare bargains left in this lot. We wish to close out every piece, therefore shall continue the 25 per cent reduction through this week, or until every piece is sold

Davis & Kishlar

Hot Weather Clothes

Outing Suits

Nothing more comfortable, dressy or serviceable than one of those blue serge, two piece suits, also many handsome patterns in gray worsteds, tweeds and cassimeres, Priced from \$8.00 to \$16.00

Outing Trousers

Men's and Young Men's fancy flannel trousers, \$1.50 to \$4.00

Outing Shirts

Attached and detached collars, for neglige wear, 50c to \$2.50

Straw Hats, Summer Hosiery, Neckwear

IN GREAT VARIETY

C. S. WORTLEY & Co



You Can't Go Wrong

in coming to our store when you are in want of Shoes. Our stock is replete with new and fresh goods of the most desirable kinds.

Old customers know it and stay with us. New customers find it out and multiply.

Come in and look us over.

P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemakers

Frank Smith's Ice Cream

tastes better in summer than in winter. He still gives a ten-cent dish for five cents, of the best that can be made of Pure Cream.

And remember also that the greatest possible care is used in preparing Physicians' and Domestic Prescriptions, and you will find that it pays to go for 100 things to

...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.

Prices on cereals and wool are given by Mooreman & Huston.

YPSILANTI, July 19, 1906.

Wheat.....	70@75
Corn, ears.....	25@30
shelled.....	50@55
Oats.....	32@36
Rye.....	50@55
Barley, 2 cwt.	1.00
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.	1.00@1.25
Clover seed.....	5 00@7.00
Timothy seed.....	1.75@2.00
Hay.....	5 00@8.00
Beans.....	1.00@2.40
Potatoes, new.....	75@80
Butter.....	16@20
Eggs.....	16
Honey.....	10-12
Tallow.....	4
Lard.....	10
Pork, live.....	6@6
Pork, dressed.....	75@80
Beef, dressed.....	50@55
Hams.....	14
Hides, 2 lb.	10
Wool unwashed.....	20@25
Spring chickens, live, 2 lb.	14
Fowls.....	9
Turkeys, live.....	16

MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilantian Telephones—Office No., 116; residence, No. 125—2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Mrs. Elsie Champion returned from a month's visit with friends at Huntington, West Va., this week.

Miss Edith Batterson and Harlie A. Hatt of Indianapolis, Ind., were married Thursday by Rev. Eugene Allen.

Mrs. Joseph Hutting and children have been spending the week at Monroe.

The Presbyterian Young People's League met Thursday with Miss Celesta Eddy. After papers on the Philippines by Miss Eddy and Hunan by Alger Abel music and visiting occupied a delightful evening.

Mrs. J. P. Westfall of Niles has been visiting her son, Dr. F. E. Westfall.

The Detroit district camp meeting of the Free Methodist church will hold their annual camp meeting at the Peninsular grove, Aug. 1-8. Tents will be for rent, and board and lodging will be furnished on the grounds at low rates; but campers must furnish bedding. Straw, poles and lumber will be free. W. C. Muffitt, presiding elder, of Spring Arbor will be among the ministers present.

Don Comstock has returned from Benton Harbor.

Mrs. Allie Austin of Plymouth spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Waterman.

The grappling hooks recently ordered by the council have arrived and are effective in appearance.

The W. H. M. S. of the M. E. church meets Friday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Earl, Ballard street.

Miss Alvina Seleska of Denton, who was well known here, died Saturday, aged 17 years.

Miss Eva Wainwright is at Lake Orion.

Miss Leone Waterman entertained for her guest, Miss Virginia Cloyd of Streator, Ill.

Miss Luella M. Burton, state factory inspector for factories that employ women, was in the city last week and found the Ypsilanti factories observing the law and providing well for the comfort of their employees.

M. L. VanBuren, the popular night-watchman at the Normal, has returned from a visit with his daughter at Greenville. Mrs. VanBuren is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. H. Murdock in Detroit.

Born, July 14, to Dr. and Mrs. A. L. McGough of Detroit, a daughter. Mrs. McGough was Miss Mary Wortley of this city.

Mrs. D. C. Batchelder is expected home to-day from Chicago.

Mrs. R. M. Cooper has gone to the Upper Peninsula to visit her sister, Mrs. Mallette at Manistique. She will also visit the Soo and Charlevoix.

Miss Anna Tower has returned from Norway and other Upper Peninsula towns.

Capt. E. P. Allen went to Sharon Friday to attend the reunion of the old residents of the Morenci school district. About eighty people were present and a delightful day was spent in reminiscence and speaking and enjoying a bountiful dinner.

An effort is being made to organize an Ypsilanti city baseball team, with numerous high school and other players.

Miss Margie Daniels returned last week from a two weeks' visit at Gregory.

Miss Bernice German is visiting her aunt at Willow.

Martin Boatman and family have moved to Detroit.

Miss Lilly Strong of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her father, Prof. E. A. Strong.

Dr. S. M. Eaton and family have returned to Battle Creek.

Warren Rogers, president of the U. of M. Y. M. C. A. will speak at Starkweather hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Mrs. S. H. Dodge of Lansing and S. E. Dodge of Detroit are Ypsilanti visitors.

Miss Lillian Weinmann is visiting in Iowa and Lyleth Turnbull is acting cashier in Davis & Kishlar's store.

Miss Elsa Brown, teacher of drawing at Houghton, is visiting the Zeta Phi

Sorority, which held a picnic for her Monday.

Hon. P. H. Kelley of Lansing was in town Monday.

Hon. Charles E. Townsend of Jackson will be one of the speakers at the Picnic at Arbeiter Grove, July 31. Rev. Wm. Gardam, Frank McIntyre, the noted actor, Rev. Frs. Kelley and Goldrick, and Jim Harkins are on the program. Music afternoon and evening by a good orchestra. The grove has been donated by the Arbeiter society.

Miss May Creech entertained Tuesday for Miss Nettie Davidson of Marine City.

The Training school closes Friday.

Gov. Fred Warner will address the students at Normal Hall Tuesday afternoon at 4. Citizens are cordially invited. Prof. D'Ooge will give stereopticon talks on Greek Art Monday and Tuesday evenings, and Col. French will lecture afternoons and evenings the rest of the week.

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority were guests of Miss Jean Deming at Wayne last evening.

Mrs. H. Camp is visiting near Pontiac.

Mrs. Sarah Osband is the guest of Mrs. Karl Judson at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Slocum of Caro were Ypsilanti visitors Tuesday.

The Ann Arbor Masons have invited Phoenix Lodge to attend their picnic at Whitmore Lake, Aug. 16.

Miss Emma Childs leaves soon for Faribault, Minn., where she has a fine position to supervise the menus at a home for defective children of wealthy parents.

John Hewitt has returned to Humboldt, Ariz.

W. B. Eddy and family are at Portage Lake.

Mrs. Lois Leetch is at Bay View.

Misses Lucretia and Caroline Case are guests of Dr. E. C. Case at Niagara Falls.

Mesdames E. B. and F. W. Fuller, who have been visiting their father, Fred Warner, left yesterday for Chicago.

Miss Julia Aikin is very low at Grace hospital, Detroit.

The Dixboro Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Wm. Fair in Ypsilanti next Thursday.

William Geer, aged about 50 years, was brought here for burial from Oak Grove Tuesday. He formerly lived on Prospect avenue and was the father of Mrs. Fred Voorhees of this city. Older residents remember him with esteem.

Letters have been received from Misses Mary and Ruth Putnam, mailed from Gibraltar. They were having a delightful trip.

Tuesday evening a charming musical was given at Normal Hall under the direction of Prof. Pease. Milton Cook, Hugo Kirchofer, Mrs. Annie Gray, and Miss Isabella Gareissen sang delightfully and were encored again and again, Prof. Pease acting as accompanist. Miss Blanche Abbott gave two piano solos with brilliance. Prof. F. A. Barbour gave part of his admirable lecture on "The Educative Value of Music," showing that music is closely bound up with all forms of emotion and is the best form of expressing the emotions of love, joy, grief, courage and patriotism and religion. The theme was worked out with many illustrations.

Mrs. E. Covert, Misses Ina Harris and Ida Covert leave to-morrow for a visit at Farmersville, N. Y.

Several of the Congregational Sunday school classes will hold a social Saturday on the parsonage lawn in honor of Miss Ethel McCurdy.

Mrs. Rose Engel and Mrs. George Hayes spent yesterday at the hospital at Ann Arbor with Mrs. Charles Krzyzak, who is recovering from an operation.

Rev. Dr. B. F. Aldrich was obliged to return at once to Wauseon, O., from Detroit and could not come to this city.

Invitations are out for the marriage, Aug. 1 at Burn Oak, of Miss Matilda Bower of the Ypsilanti high school faculty to C. E. McNair.

Mrs. Ida Lamkin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Kelley, at Attica. Mr. Kelley has been making a great hit this summer in "His Honor, the Mayor" in New York. Mrs. Kelley will join him in a few weeks.

Richard T. Wyche, who so delighted great audiences at the Normal last week, is spending this week at the Mt. Pleasant Normal and goes next week to the western Normal at Kalamazoo.

The Queen Esther Circle will hold a sale of home-baked goods in the dining room of the Methodist church next Saturday from 10 to 3 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Dr. T. W. McLean of Joliet, Ill., is visiting his former parishioners of St. Luke's church.

Miss Alma Rambo has gone to Denver, Colorado.

Rev. A. J. Hutchins went to Morenci to-day to perform the ceremony at the wedding of E. H. Wisner, Normal '06, of Clayton and Miss Farley of Morenci, a graduate of Kalamazoo College. They will live at Gladstone, where Mr. Wisner is principal of schools.

Mrs. E. E. Jenness has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Sayles at Douglass, Mich. Mrs. F. F. VanTuyl of Detroit accompanied her.

Miss Elizabeth Milspaugh of Montgomery, Ala., will spend the next few

weeks with her mother, Mrs. Mary Mills-pugh.

Frank Wilbur and family have returned to Charlotte.

Mrs. C. W. Childs is visiting Mrs. G. M. Beckington at Garden Prairie, Ill.

Edwin and Arthur Hunt of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting their grandfather, B. Perkins.

M. L. Vining was down from Jackson, this week.

Maj. Britton, Sergts. Peck, and Sheldon, Privates Foster and LeFurge, have gone to Port Huron to take part in the national guard target shooting contest to choose the Michigan team for the national contest at Sea Girt, N. J.

Mrs. F. A. Barbour and daughter are visiting at Marquette.

Miss Alice Moore entertained twenty young ladies at her home Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Carrie Bowen, who returned to her studies at Moody Institute, Chicago, Tuesday. A pleasant afternoon was spent.

Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, died Monday, aged two years. The funeral was at Northfield.

Twenty-six citizens who have been sprinkling lawns without paying lawn tax have been notified to pay up on pain of having all their water turned off.

Miss Mabel Robbins of Battle Creek, is visiting Mrs. John McDougal.

Mrs. Sarah McKenzie, who has been teaching for some years at Fish Haven, Ida, is visiting her brother, Lewis Warner.

Two carloads of summer school students made the trip to Put-in-Bay Saturday with Prof. Sherzer's science class. This week comes the Niagara Falls excursion.

Denton defeated Eloise at baseball at Prospect Park, 10 to 3 Schlicht and

The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

The Good Old Way.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land comes the news of an old-fashioned elopement from Richmond, Ind.

The common or garden elopement is so ordinary and unromantic at every point as to be wholly uninteresting, if not absolutely tiresome, in the recital. A young couple "make a date" with each other, board a street car, ride to the nearest Gretna Green and are married by a parson or a justice of the peace. Usually it is "all for a joke" or "to surprise their friends." Or they slip away in a runabout or an automobile and hike to the nearest marriage license office. Everything is done in a hurry and—in the daytime.

Not so with this Indiana couple. Who knows? asks the St. Louis Republic, and then suggests by way of answer, that "it may be that the influence of Charles Major or Booth Tarkington or James Whitcomb Riley so permeates the atmosphere of Hoosierdom that even the most unresponsive hearts are unconsciously touched by the spirit of romance. It may be that the steady light of fame which beats down upon the broad bosom of Indiana is as warm as the midday sun kindles in the hearts of all Hoosiers a peculiar sense of pride which prevents them, even in moments of the wildest exuberance, from indulging in any course not in the highest degree artistic and, therefore, in keeping with the literary processes and ideals of the men who have made the state famous."

It must have been such a force of impulse as this that moved the young Richmond couple to resort to the old-time orthodox, romantic method of eloping by means of a ladder placed at the girl's bedroom window. Not in daylight, mind you; no, not when all the curious world might see, but in the silent watches of the night, and in the dark of the moon, at that. Everything was artistic to the last degree. "The Gentleman from Indiana" performed his part just as gallantly as ever such a loverlikefeat was performed "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

With such an example as this to guide to future generations, we are convinced that the spirit of romance shall not perish from the face of Indiana or the earth.

After Us the Deluge.

In commenting on nature's kinships, as suggested by conditions in devastated San Francisco, C. E. S. Woods speaks of "the human insect, already busy about its broken home," and adds:

"The whole song of Nature is, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' The dead are only worn out material, to be transformed and used again as quickly as possible. It is right they should be neglected and forgotten. It is the great law. Nature concerns herself only with life and with the future, what are the past and the dead to her? What the wailing and writhing and running about of the human ants in their little hill? She never looks behind. The dead do not interest her, only the living and those yet to live. It is a wise law, a merciful mercilessness. It makes us kill the bee, the ant, the swallow, and to the trees which so quickly cover their scars. Life is so full of sorrow there is no room to cherish sorrow. For myself, I say let me be forgotten. Laugh above my grave as the daffodils, the stars and the dancing waves will laugh. Live and forget grief. The leaves gilt by the sun tremble joyously. The grass shoots its delicate spires in the exultation of living. The earth blossoms in her rapture, and only covers herself with snow that she may dream of buds. From glittering ice caves, so magically blue, even to waving palms, Nature has but one song. The earth is for the living, oblivion to the dead."

Mr. Edison's promise to put the automobile within the reach of everybody when the cobalt system of storage battery can be used raises a doubt whether the machine would hold its vogue. The once popular bicyclic is now almost a curiosity on the pike. Everybody wanted one when the cost of manufacture was high and the bicycle was regarded as a luxury. When all the world and his wife could ride the demand fell off. Mr. Edison thinks that "when the price of the automobile is reduced so as to place it within the reach of all the horse will become a thing of the past." Is it not more likely that there will be a reaction in favor of the horse among those who tire of the new toy?

Senator Hale, apropos of an awkward remark, said:

"It reminds me of the conversation of two women at a reception."

"They were strangers to each other. After a moment's desultory talk, the first said, rather querulously:

"I don't know what's the matter with that tail, blond man over there. He was so attentive awhile ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband, you know!"

A certain member of the Yale faculty is famous for his power of condensing his many strong antipathies into trenchant epigrams. His past abhorrence is logic, a fact which was unknown to the student who recently approached him with the question: "Professor, I am thinking of taking logic next year. What do you think of the course?" "Horse sense made astute," responded the professor tersely.

If it is excitement the Koreans are looking for, the Japanese can give them all they want.

MICHIGAN

EVENTS NOTED

LIVED SIX WEEKS AFTER PART OF HIS BRAIN HAD BEEN REMOVED.

RESCUED FROM GYPSIES

Most Marvelous Case Known to Medical Annals—Girl Sold to Gypsy Es- capes.

Pierced His Brain.

Thomas W. Brockman, of Bailey, Mich., died in Hackley hospital, Muskegon, from injuries caused by a falling tree while lumbering. His case has been one of the most marvelous known in medical annals. For over six weeks he has lived with a hole two inches in width piercing his skull and with a great portion of his brain removed. The accident in which he was injured occurred at Beechwoods and was caused by a falling tree crashing on his brain. When picked up he still lived after receiving injuries sufficient to have killed any man instantly. Brought to the hospital in an ambulance it was found on examination that a small block of wood and two inches of cap cloth were lodged in his brain. An operation to remove these was temporarily successful, but a few days ago unforeseen complications set in.

Local physicians, as well as out of town experts, are deeply disappointed at Brockman's untimely death, as it was thought his case might prove extraordinary in surviving the operation. Brockman was a young man but 18 years of age and leaves his parents, two brothers and a sister, all residing at Bailey.

Gypsy Girl Wife Rescued.

Sold into bondage by her father, Mallica Adams, aged 15, after four years, has been restored to her uncle in Grand Rapids. Joseph Adams sold his daughter to the leader of a band of gypsies, and she became the bride of his 12-year-old son three years ago. The child wife became a palmist, and finally tired of the gypsy customs. At Harvey, Ill., she learned that her uncle and aunt, Alexander and Mary Adams, were residing in Grand Rapids. She did not like her life and ran away to join them. She was taken in charge by officers, with her uncle, Alexander Adams, a week ago. She has been vindicated of the charge preferred against her by Joe Stephens, another Servian gypsy.

Stephens charged her with the larceny of \$500, but it developed that the grounds for making the charge were based solely on the girl's absence. She was sold to him for the sum named by her father and was the star fortune teller of the camp. She has papers from the juvenile court of Chicago to prove her story and attest her innocence of the charge made.

Boy Dies of Lockjaw.

Herbert Goodsell died Saturday morning at the family home in Pontiac of lockjaw, the result of a Fourth of July accident. He was the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goodsell, who have six other children. The night before the Fourth he was playing with a 22-caliber pistol, and received a discharge from it in the palm of his right hand. Later, tetanus developed, and despite the effort of the physician, lockjaw set in Thursday. The little fellow's back curved like a crescent. He lay on the back of his head and the lower part of his spine, suffering untold agony until death relieved him.

Water, Famine.

Through the breaking of a piston rod on one of the engines at the Lansing water works pumping station the pressure fell to 20 pounds, and some parts of the city were without water for domestic use or fire protection. Water in the wells which supply the city is very low, and handicapped by the broken machinery, the pumping station was for a time unprepared to cope with a big fire should one break out.

A Baby Cyclone.

A young cyclone struck Grand Rapids Friday night, accompanied by a heavy electrical storm. The wind did much damage in the outskirts. Farmers report heavy losses in fruit trees. At Grandville the telephone lines were blown down and streets and cellars were flooded by a cloudburst. The large plant of O. & W. Thum Co. was struck by the cyclone, one building being blown down.

Victim of Mowing Machine.

Oren Draper, 16-year-old son of Harvey Draper, of Benton Harbor, while playing around a mowing machine, had both legs cut almost in two between the knees and ankles by a sudden starting of the team. His father had to drive two miles and send six miles for a physician before the flow of blood could be stopped.

The barn of John Spencer, about four miles west of Burt village, was struck by lightning and burned. Two horses were cremated.

Grand Chief Patriarch Bogert and Grand Scribe Penend, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Michigan, are paying a visit to the several lodges in the upper peninsula. The object of the chief officers' visit to Calumet at this time is said to be in connection with arrangements that are being made for the annual meeting of the grand encampment in Calumet in May next year.

Bennie Justice, of Detroit, was awarded first position in the oratorical contest conducted by the Loyal Temperance Legion convention at Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Harley Vanamburg, a farm hand, while working on the farm of Levi Woodson, of North Adams, shocking up wheat, was killed by lightning. The storm came up very suddenly and he had just started to leave the field when killed. The clothes he wore were torn to shreds and his shoes and stockings were torn off.

"I don't want a wife. I want to see how many fools there are among the Kalamazoo women," said Farmer Geo. Collins, when he inserted an advertisement in a local paper, asking for a spouse.

"John Doe," of Battle Creek, has just sent Matthew Riley to the Detroit house of correction for 65 days. Riley was found with a lap robe in his possession. No owner could be found for the robe, so Riley was arraigned for robbing "John Doe." It was a shot in the dark, but Riley replied: "I didn't know the owner's name was Doe, but I stole the robe."

THE UNFORTUNATES.

Suits to Recover Care of Insane Persons By the State.

Two important suits relative to financial responsibility for persons in the insane asylum are in the probate court at Kalamazoo.

Prosecuting Attorney Jackson brought suit against James Murray, guardian of Thomas M. Murray, an inmate of the asylum, to compel him to pay the expenses of James A. Murray, a son of Thomas Murray, who, like the father, is in the asylum. Young Murray is about 24 years of age and the state claims that the estate of his father is liable for the support.

Judge Hopkins decided that the public should not pay the expenses, and ordered \$500 paid for the past expenses and \$120 a year in the future. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

The second case is that of Mrs. Eve Van Hafton, an inmate of the asylum, and whose bills remain unpaid. Her husband recently tried to secure a divorce from her on the grounds that she was insane when they were married. The decree was denied.

The state's attorney fears that an effort will be made to make this woman a burden on the state and county and brings the action to force the husband, who is able to meet the expenses.

Money Throw Away.

After expending some \$2,500 in preliminary surveys for the dredging, cleaning and straightening of the Grand river from the dam in Jackson, sixteen miles north, a jury in the probate court Friday decided that the work laid out was not a necessary public improvement, and all the proceedings will drop.

Eight citizens who signed the petition to begin the work will be held responsible for the expense incurred. This decision does not affect the status of the intercepting sewer and purifying plant with which the city proposes to remove the sewage from the river and purify it by the state process.

It is likely that the city will now clean the river through the city, abandoning the rest of the project. The drain commissioner's plan called for an estimated expenditure of \$90,000.

Horse Roasted to Death.

At a fire which destroyed two barns in Traverse City a pitiful scene was enacted. So fast did the flames spread that it was impossible to get a horse out, and as it slowly roasted to death its pitiful cries were heard for blocks. The barns were owned by J. M. Clift and Thomas Young. The damage was \$1,050.

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

Standish and vicinity has an outbreak of measles.

Petoskey people are waging war against railroads.

Over \$125,000 worth of building is going on at Chelsea.

A train struck a drove of cattle at Gardendale, killing seven.

Rescue mission at Grand Rapids gave a picnic for 550 unfortunate.

Hillsdale Masons are arranging for remodeling of quarters at a cost of \$8,000.

The Grand Trunk depot at Saranac burned down with its contents, including freight. Spark from an engine.

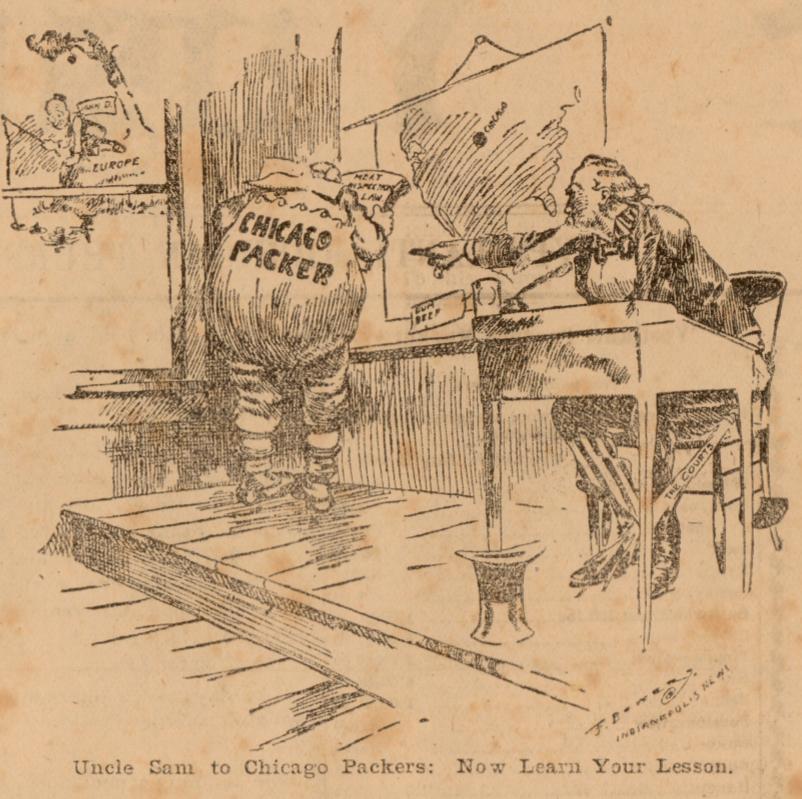
While harnessing a horse, Mrs. Fred Craft, residing near Sturgis, suffered severe injuries from being kicked. Several ribs were broken.

Bids for rebuilding the wagon factory at the Jackson prison were too high and the plans will be reduced and bids received again on July 30.

The children had gone to the river with Mrs. Usher, who took her baby. The baby fretted and Mrs. Usher went home with it.

The children immediately went wading in the river. Ruth Klersey went to the end of a long sand bar and, seeing that the water was deep

WHILE JOHN D. PLAYS HOCKEY.



Uncle Sam to Chicago Packers: Now Learn Your Lesson.

SEVEN CHILDREN DROWNED IN EFFORT TO SAVE EACH OTHER

SAD ACCIDENT OCCURS AT PICNIC ON RIVER BANK AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—YIELDING SAND IS FATAL.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Eight children at a picnic on the river bank, only three blocks from home, went wading. The smallest one slipped into a deep hole in the river and in trying to rescue her six others were drowned. The lead: Lucille Sweeting, 7; Hazel Sweeting, 14; Gladys Sweeting, 10; Josie Sweeting, 12; Ruth Coyle, 11; Sioux City; Core Coyle, 9, Sioux City; Clara Usher, 16.

Ruth Klersey, the only survivor, said they were wading when little Lucille Sweeting slipped off a shelf in the river bottom into a hole. Then the next girl rushed after her. And so they kept trying to save each other until all of the girls except Ruth Klersey had been drowned.

This was the end of a picnic, the tragedy of a last forbidden frolic.

The Sweeting children lived with their father near Ellis park, on the outskirts of this city. Clara Usher was a daughter of Sweeting's housekeeper, and the Coyle children were her nieces, who were here on a visit.

Ruth Klersey, the only survivor, said they were wading when little Lucille Sweeting slipped off a shelf in the river bottom into a hole. Then the next girl rushed after her. And so they kept trying to save each other until all of the girls except Ruth Klersey had been drowned.

Four of the bodies were quickly removed from the water, but it was too late to resuscitate them. At four o'clock all of the bodies had been recovered except that of Clara Usher. They were taken home and laid in a row amid the sobbing of hundreds of men and women.

The children had gone to the river with Mrs. Usher, who took her baby. The baby fretted and Mrs. Usher went home with it.

The children immediately went wading in the river. Ruth Klersey went to the end of a long sand bar and, seeing that the water was deep

TO PROBE GRAIN BUSINESS

Railroads Asked to Forward Information Regarding Elevators to Interstate Commission.

Washington.—An investigation is to be made by the Interstate commerce commission, by authority of the United States senate, of the elevator, grain buying and forwarding business of the country to determine to what extent special favors have been granted to them by railroad companies; the influence which the alleged monopolizing of this branch of business has had upon the market; the injury it has worked to grain producers; the extent to which railroads, their officers, directors, stockholders and employees own or control the grain buying and grain forwarding companies; and the manner in which such holdings, if any, were secured.

Charles Pate, of Owosso, Michigan, on a freight train which was wrecked at Dundee by a broken axle, will lose his right leg, the bones being badly splintered. He was removed to the hospital at Ann Arbor.

The Petoskey council has boosted the license of bida-brac auctioneers from \$50 to \$500 in two years, and now they refuse to pay tax at all. There are eight or ten firms who make a living out of summer visitors.

William Postila, a woodsman employed in a camp near Rice Dale, 20 miles south of Houghton, was struck by a falling tree Saturday morning and died just as he was being carried into St. Joseph's hospital. He was 32 years old.

Miss Clara French, of Detroit, was awarded first position in the oratorical contest conducted by the Loyal Temperance Legion convention at Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Bennie Justice, of Detroit, was awarded first position in the oratorical contest conducted by the Loyal Temperance Legion convention at Ypsilanti. Under the rules there should be five or more contestants to award a gold medal and as there were only three, the medal may be withheld.

Construction work on the Keweenaw Central railroad is being pushed rapidly, and it is expected that trains will be running in September.

The road will be completed from Lac La Belle to the Mohawk mine, 18 miles connecting at the latter point with the Mineral Range. There is a marked scarcity of ties.

Two deaths occurred at Palmyra, Sunday. R. D. Hill, a prominent justice of the peace, dropped dead at the M. E. church. Mrs. Lyman Chatfield, a pioneer of this place, died at her home.

Harley Vanamburg, a farm hand, while working on the farm of Levi Woodson, of North Adams, shocking up wheat, was killed by lightning. The storm came up very suddenly and he had just started to leave the field when killed. The clothes he wore were torn to shreds and his shoes and stockings were torn off.

"I don't want a wife. I want to see how many fools there are among the Kalamazoo women," said Farmer Geo. Collins, when he inserted an advertisement in a local paper, asking for a spouse.

"John Doe," of Battle Creek, has just sent Matthew Riley to the Detroit house of correction for 65 days. Riley was found with a lap robe in his possession. No owner could be found for the robe, so Riley was arraigned for robbing "John Doe." It was a shot in the dark, but Riley replied: "I didn't know the owner's name was Doe, but I stole the robe."

American Swimmer First.

Nottingham, Eng.—The amateur swimming match for the championship of the

The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

WITH the incoming of the new president of Drury College at Springfield, Mo., there is to be a new social order. Heretofore when the campus set apart for baseball was not in use by the students, the colored people were allowed to use it for games. But hereafter the sacred ground is not to be defiled by "nigger" occupation at any time. It is said that the tony young Missourians are greatly in favor of the new edict, but good old Deacon Drury must have turned over in his coffin. Drury was the child of Olivet, as Olivet was the offspring of Oberlin. Evidently Missouri atmosphere is not favorable to Oberlin ideas of justice and equality. It will be worth while to note what The Independent, for instance, has to say on this new departure on the part of Drury. And what will Congregationalists generally have to say? The last word on the subject may not have been spoken and the new president may be prepared to find himself and his school "hailed over the coals" very decidedly!

If anything could add to the contempt with which Anna Gould's husband has been regarded it is his present humiliating condition, rejected as a member of the Chamber of Deputies because he had bought the votives which gave him a majority, penniless and waiting for the alimony which he expects from his wife when the divorce is secured—could a more pitiable apology for a man be found anywhere among people who pretend to be anybody? The American standard of manliness is something that seems entirely beyond the conception of this degenerate specimen of fortune-hunting ignobility.

BEFORE England says too much about the Chicago packing houses, she would do well to investigate her bakeries and jam factories. They are said to be indestructibly dirty. And, by the way, isn't there need of the old New England standard of good housekeeping every where? "We must all eat our peck of dirt" isn't a modern proverb by any means. The sin of the ages has been dirt, and probably the philosopher had had an unusually exasperating experience when he said "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

THE NATIONAL Hickory Association recently organized at Niagara Falls on July 13, must not be mistaken for a democratic party organization left over from Jackson's time. Its object is to save the hardwoods of which hickory is the chief. Government aid will be invoked and the Association hopes to do some effective work.

In a communication intended to be used abroad President Roosevelt guarantees American canned meat. It is to be hoped the President hasn't forgotten what he once said to the country about "making good," and that he took the sober second thought before he assumed this new responsibility.

A NEW question for debating clubs: "Does a man's being a novelist disqualify him for law-making?" Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill might be interested in the decision.

TEXAS AND ARKANSAS are of one mind with regard to trusts and propose to work together to bring them to book. Some of the other states take notice.

SECRETARY SHAW wants more \$5 bills. So do we all, only we don't tell it to the papers.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

Why, Adrian!

Adrian appears to have been having a peculiar state of affairs in its police department as the following from the Adrian Press indicates, but her mayor evidently has developed a backbone that is not made of a tow-string. There was much talk of the disorder at the Adrian home coming recently.

The council at a special meeting sustained the action of the mayor in suspending Mr. Inglehart for striking the marshal. Aldermen commented on the insubordination of policemen, their disregard of duty, gross immorality, utter neglect of their work, etc., as reported in the newspapers. No words were minced, and in this discussion, and one thing was made plain—that after a man is elected or appointed to office, he is no longer a democrat, republican, catholic, protestant, K. P. or Odd Fellow, but just as official under obligation to perform the duties of his office impartially, fully, and honestly, for the benefit of the city and the good of the tax payers, and that to do this, he must be a law abiding, and not a law breaking citizen and must see that the laws are observed and not wink at an evasion thereof. He is to suppress disorder, not to encourage it. He is to act in bringing out houses of bad repute, and of being a pal. He is to be alert and not sleeping in hock or in back alleys or at the station. There will be no loafing or shirking of duty. Two policemen will not be permitted to stand around the main corners or loaf in stairways. Each man will be requested to attend to duty "on his own beat" and attend to it all the time.

Communication.

The City Wonderful—Mr. Murray Relates His Experience.

NEW YORK CITY, June 27, '06.

To the Editor of The Ypsilantian:

After a stay in Cortland of several weeks I journeyed down to this city by way of Binghamton, Scranton and Stroudsburg through the great anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and pulled up at Hoboken on the Jersey shore and ferrying across to the city and taking a street car was soon landed on Washington Heights towards the northern end of Manhattan island in a wonderful, rolling, rocky section on St. Nicholas Ave. This is a beautiful location, overlooking the Harlem river, the Bronx, Long Island and the Sound near the highest point of the city. Just to keep in touch with my friends among your readers I will jot down a few things that interest me and that might please and perhaps instruct those who have never seen the second largest city in the world.

Little incidents occur in traveling that are not worth noticing, yet at the time of occurrence afford quite a little amusement. For instance, just after getting seated in an L car some very nice looking young ladies entered, but the seats being all occupied they had to stand. When the car started with a jerk the said young ladies made a huge lunge backward and one came plump into my lap. Now that was a thing I had not indulged in for many a long year and it was a very interesting experience. However the young lady very gracefully begged my pardon, but the "pardon" came too late; for all the passengers were indulging in a broad grin at our expense.

I am living "high"—on the fifth floor of a seven story "flat" or department house, with brown stone front and colored porter to "elevate you up and down." In this flat are forty-one families, very near neighbors, but very few acquaintances.

This is called Washington Heights from the fact that during the war of the Revolution Washington's headquarters were located near here in the home of Madam Jumel, at that time one of most aristocratic homes of the country. The old home is now in possession of the D. A. R. and is being repaired, and will be kept as a museum of antiquities of the time of the war.

This is probably one of the oldest buildings in the city and has many things that look odd indeed. The great brass knocker on the front door, a great fire place in almost every room, with the old fashioned andirons, poker and fire shovel, the swinging crane on which the pot hung, in which dinner was cooked, and many more things that a lover of ancient things would delight in.

But I must not stop to describe everything I see in detail, so will give a little experience in the "Trappeny Tube," as the Englishman calls the Subway. First let me say that the avenues of the city run north and south mostly and the streets east and west, and the great business section is on the south end of Manhattan Island which is about twelve miles long. The northern end is built up with flats and of course people have to go and come by street car. From my location I can make choice of surface, elevated or subway cars, either only a block or two away.

Plunging down the long stairway, you first meet the ticket seller, and for five cents you will be rushed at flying speed to the city hall or the Battery if you wish.

You will experience some strange sensations as you go plunging down the dimly lighted hole. Your train of four or five cars comes thundering along with impetuous speed, and pulls up with wonderful ease. You drop your ticket in the ticket-choppers' box, you rush in with the crowd and get seats if you can. The guards close the gates, jingle the bell and we are off with the speed of the wind, barely one minute stop.

The cars are well lighted, and also the stations, and lights all along the route, and as you go flying by the lights shoot by like meteors of the sky.

You look ahead and here comes a train around a curve in the darkness. The great headlights look like the gleaming eyes of some great gorgon bent on devouring all in its way. And the noise of the trains crashing by is something awful when first heard. I always think of the great Catacombs of Rome and Egypt when riding down the subway. It's not an unpleasant experience, however.

This great subway is one of the marvelous things of this great and busy city. It is twenty-four miles long, and has in places four tracks, side by side, and the trains consist of from four to seven cars in the morning and evening when the travel is greatest, and trains run from one to five minutes apart through the day and less at night.

Will give in my next some account of the Stock Exchange where fortunes of millions are made or lost in a day.

A. J. M.

A little love, a little wealth,
A little home for you and me;
It's all I ask except good health,
Which comes with Rocky Mountain
Tea—Smith Bros.

List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending July 14, 1906.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Fisher, John Palmer, James
Kesherly, James Rose, O
Kenyon, P. Y. Thomas, H. L.
Miller, F. Z. Wright, Richard

LADIES' LIST.

Deland, Mis Florence Quirk, Miss Jane
Freeman, Maude Sternes, Mrs C. A.
Folsom, Mrs Frank Smith, Mis Bertha D.
Leavay, Mary Rose Matt, Miss Elizabeth
Mann, Miss Edna

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
soc. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Trial bottle free.

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

The Upsilonian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 22.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xi, 1-13. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Luke xi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.]

We could not pray a better prayer than the request of the disciples in the first verse of our lesson, "Lord, teach us to pray;" for by prayer all things are accomplished that can be accomplished, and when we recall such words as these—"What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you" (Mark xi, 24; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7)—where is there a real Christian whose heart does not cry, Oh, that I knew how to do it; how to take hold of God and prevail, as Jacob did, as the centurion did, as the Syro-Phoenician woman did, and so many others? The texts just quoted read simply enough, but notice the abiding and asking in His name and that God may be glorified, and keep these in mind as we meditate.

Prayer is real access to God in matters concerning His kingdom and His people. The Lord Jesus was here wholly for Him, never in anything seeking His own will or His own glory, and He could say to His Father, "I know that thou hearest me always" (John xi, 42). If we ask anything according to His will we hearth us, and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him (I John v, 14, 15). Oh, it is wonderful! "Lord, teach us to pray." Consider in Luke iii, 21; v, 16; vi, 12; ix, 28, and elsewhere how much Jesus gave Himself to prayer. He knew the reality of heaven, from whence He had come, and of the Father who sent Him and of the angels, and He lived more in heaven than on earth, and thus He was able to live on earth as God's man. The God-man, God manifested in the flesh. We may study, with the greatest profit, the prayers recorded in Scripture, such as those of Abraham, Eleazar, Nehemiah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Jabez, Daniel and others, but nothing can compare with our Lord's prayer in John xvii. As a prayer for ourselves the one in our lesson, which was also given on another occasion (Matt. vi, 9-13), is the epitome of all prayer, the sum and substance of all we can desire. It is a prayer for disciples; to them He was speaking, and none but those who have become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus can truly say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Compare John i, 12; viii, 44.

That all people are children of God, but many do not know it, or that infant baptism makes such infants children of God, is the teaching of man, but not of God. All are by nature children of wrath and must be born again in order to become children of God (Eph. ii, 3; John iii, 3, 5, 7). We have in this prayer seven petitions, divided, like all sevens, into three and four or four and three. The first three are Godward—The name, Thy kingdom, Thy will. The other four concern the believer—our bread, our sins, lead us not, deliver us. Their parallel with the beatitudes is most interesting and instructive. Only the poor in spirit truly hallow His name; others are like Gen. xi, 4, and seek to make themselves a name. The true child of God, considering how the name he so loves is disdained and how the curse still prevails, cannot but mourn because of it and long for the coming of the kingdom when Rev. xi, 15, shall be fulfilled. The blessed meek, who are to inherit the earth and who now love to be guided (Ps. xxv, 9), seek to know and do His will and long for the time when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Hungering for the righteousness of the kingdom (Isa. xxxiii, 1, 17) and waiting for it we live day by day, trusting Him for our daily portion in all things (II Kings xxv, 30; Jer. III, 34). Having experienced so much of God's mercy and forgiveness we freely forgive others, even to the seventy times seven. Seeing something of God and desiring to see more of Him we covet the purity of heart necessary thereto, and fearing lest anything should come between us, we pray, Lead us not into temptation. Recognizing the great adversary as the great peace breaker and desiring the peace of God to rule, we deliver us from the evil one.

Our emptiness in all things is set forth in the words, "I have nothing to set before Him" (verse 6), for truly we are nothing but sinners and have nothing but self and sin, and we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God (II Cor. iii, 5). Having, as empty, helpless sinners, received the Lord Jesus we at once become rich and possess all things in Him (II Cor. vi, 10). Our Father does not put all things in our actual possession, but they are ours (I Cor. iii, 21-23), and we may draw as needed for His glory. One who asks and does not await or expect an answer will not probably receive, but one who sees or feels the need and persists in asking will receive because of his importunity (verse 8). Compare chapter xviii, 1-8. There is an asking, a seeking and a knocking which obtains, but it must be on the principle of Jer. xxix, 13, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart." Parents do not give to their children stones for bread, serpents instead of fishes, scorpions instead of eggs. How much less will our Father in heaven give anything evil to any of His children.

What the Kidneys Do

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong And Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter daily, is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. Camp, wife of A. E. Camp, retired farmer, formerly of 438 Huron St., Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I suffered for a long time from pain in the back and loins, one time quite severe and it was gradually growing worse. Noticing Doan's Kidney Pills endorsed by so many people I concluded to try them and procured a box at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s drug store. They turned out exactly as represented and I was promptly and completely cured. I take pleasure in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills at every opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Benjamin F. Watts, formerly coroner of this county and a jeweler in Ann Arbor for half a century, died of apoplexy July 13. He was an eminent Mason. He leaves a widow and one son.

The telephone service east of Saline has been in bad condition the past few days and Fred Koch was sent out to investigate the cause. He discovered, though hardly to his pleasure, that a swarm of bees had made a hive of six boxes on one of the cable poles and the wires and all connections were well coated with honey.—Enterprise.

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea and Tablets. Smith Bros.

Time was when the small boy began hustling as soon as he saw a circus bill, for money to take him to the show. But to-day the small boy hustles not only for spending money, but to help buy clothes. The demand for boys, and girls too, to work in onion, beet and celery gardens and the good wages an energetic person can earn, is an inducement hard to resist. That is the reason why we see so few boys on the streets now days.—Manchester Enterprise.

Adrian will build a \$50,000 high school and an \$8000 ward school building this year.

Joseph Ward, for years the lamp-lighter at Dundee, died at Monroe last week, aged 93 years.

Itching torturing skin eruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cures. Fifty cents at any drug store.

The 102d U. S. Volunteers, a colored regiment with several members in Ypsilanti, will hold its annual reunion at Ann Arbor Aug. 1. The colored people of that city will celebrate Emancipation Day at that time also.

The Ann Arbor Baptists have extended a call to Rev. W. A. Lee of Madison, Wis., to become their pastor. He is of English birth and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and Newton Theological Seminary.

Eugene Wagner, assistant editor of the Washtenaw Post, died of heart disease Saturday night, aged 33 years.

A Perfect Bowel Laxative for constipation, sallow complexion, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, coated tongue, biliousness. Lax-ets act promptly, without pain or griping. Pleasant to take. Lax-ets—only 5 cents. Sold by Frank Smith.

STONY CREEK.

Mrs. Chas. Thompson is quite sick.

Mrs. George McGee and children went last week to visit relatives at Farmington.

Prof. Ross preached an excellent sermon Sunday morning from Luke 12:24.

J. C. Bemis and sister, Mrs. Wm. Hewens went last week to attend the funeral of a half-brother, Dr. Bemis of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Eugene Mutschel of Detroit spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Buck.

Mrs. Teeple had the misfortune to lose her shoulder last Wednesday.

Miss Hattie Teeple of Gross Pointe is spending a few days with her mother.

Mrs. Henry Johnson entertained her sister, Mrs. Dickerson of Sumpter, last week.

Thomas Johnston, who has been very sick the last two weeks, went to Ann Arbor Monday for an operation.

Born July 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wilson, a 13-pound boy.

The neighbors are making a bee and cutting Tom Johnston's grain for him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's family Pill for constipation. Smith Bros. druggists.

WILLIS.

The death of Mrs. Maria Price, widow of Squire Price, who passed away last week, was the termination of years of suffering on her part, and care-takers will be relieved of the pain caused by seeing her suffering. Mrs. Price had many friends who appreciated her many acts of kindness. As a mother she was devoted to her family until sickness deprived her of her power. She leaves two sons and a daughter to mourn her. They wiped the filial tear from eyes wearied by watching by her bedside as the weeks went by. She was a firm believer in the principles of the Advent church, and gave her means to its support.

Her memory will be cherished
By those still left below,
For them she lived and labored
With mother-love aglow.

Mr. and Mrs. Centaur's little girl was bitten by a snake last week. He killed the snake and the child said it had bitten her foot. He could not see any mark and thought the child was only frightened. Dr. Smith was called next morning but too late to save the child's life.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate of Clark, Neb., are visiting relatives in this vicinity. They gave us a short call last week. We were pleased to meet them. They left home five weeks ago, and say the crops were looking fine when they left.

MUSINGS.

When I am gone from earth
Into the great unknown,
Surround my bier and o'er my prostrate
form

Breathe fervent prayer that I may rest,
Believing in your heart of hearts
H knoweth best.

N. B. Truth, St. Paul, June 31, '08.—I've lived so long, I remember well when the Mississippi was a brook. My good health and long life came by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Smith Bros.

PITTSFIELD.

Harrison Stuck of Chicago is visiting his sister, Mrs. Crane.

Quite a number from Pittsfield attended the show Monday.

Mrs. George Brown, who has been quite ill, is much better.

B. J. Hausner has six and seven hundred white leghorn chickens all hatched by hens this season. When taken from the nests there were 68 as lively a lot of chicks as one would wish to see. There is only about four weeks' difference from the youngest to the oldest. The loss has not been great, only about 40.

Mr. Consey has his new barn about completed.

Charles Williams, who was at San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, has returned to Ypsilanti again. He was uninjured.

Mrs. Bryant of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. J. F. Watling, the forepart of the week.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

YPSILANTI TOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Westgate and daughters, Elma and Florence, of Clark, Neb., who have been visiting relatives here, left Tuesday for Detroit.

Mrs. John Waterbury was called to Alma last week, her sister being very low with cancer.

The death of Harry Breining has shocked the community, where he was highly regarded. His parents have general sympathy. One son died two years ago of appendicitis and the other is a mere child.

Ypsilanti Grange will hold its annual picnic and children's day exercises Saturday at the Peninsular mill grove.

A Golden Wedding.

A happy gathering was that at the home of Robert Huston at Cherry Hill Tuesday when eighty guests helped Mr. and Mrs. Huston to celebrate their golden wedding. Mr. Huston and Miss Jane A. Comer were married at Plymouth by Elder Warren July 17, 1856, and have lived at Cherry Hill ever since. Of their children, three sons in the west could not come home, but one sent his wife, Mrs. Newton Huston of Colorado. The three daughters, Mrs. Mary Gill, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Nellie Cobb, Detroit; Mrs. Charles Smith, Denton, were present, and three sons, Charles of Kalamazoo, John of Wyandotte, and Leon of Cherry Hill, also. A large number of grandchildren and two great-grandchildren were also guests, and three of the original guests at the wedding fifty years ago, Mrs. Nelson Fowler, Mrs. Amanda Moody of Howell and Daniel Cobb. A bountiful dinner was served on the lawn, and speeches were made by Henry Horner and Rev. Mr. Pierce, while many beautiful gifts of silver and gold were presented as tokens of esteem. The bride and groom showed an ancient daguerreotype of themselves taken years ago, and sat for a modern photograph afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston are prominent in the community and hold the universal esteem of their neighbors, who wished them many happy returns of their anniversary.

Guests came from Plymouth, Wyandotte, Detroit, Belleville and many other places to do them honor.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Cherry Hill church gave Mr. and Mrs. Huston a surprise party that evening, passing a pleasant evening with games, visiting and more literature and getting more articles.

The resolutions adopted re-affirm the L. T. L. belief in total abstinence and in prohibition by law and a political party; urge discouragement of cards, dancing and playing for prizes; urge that more attention be given to Christian citizenship work, to getting church societies to take up L. T. L. interests, to distributing more literature and getting more articles.

The L. T. L. Convention.

The L. T. L. convention last week proved, though not so large in numbers, one of the best in the Legion's history. The enthusiasm was great, and the presence of the national secretary, Miss Margaret Wintringer, was of great help and inspiration. Over 2000 subscriptions were pledged for the Crusader Monthly, of which she is editor, more than any other state. Over \$200 was raised for the state treasury, and a good sum was subscribed towards the support of an L. T. L. worker in Japan, where a remarkable field is opening. The new life members were pledged by their friends, those named as recipients including Mrs. M. Benedict and Mrs. E. T. Green of Ypsilanti, Mrs. A. Andrus and Mrs. Frances Preston of Detroit, J. C. Killick of Pine Lake and Mrs. Bowerman of Williamston. The establishment of circulating library was also a step in advance, and many books were pledged. Clyde Taylor of Otsego is librarian. The bureau of exchange, through which papers of especial interest are sent around to the various legions of the state is another new but good thing. President Starr's address and several of the papers read at this meeting were voted to be so sent.

The address by President Floyd Starr was optimistic and practical. Self-culture was his key note. The L. T. L. members owe it to their cause to make the best of themselves and to make themselves educated, well-informed, healthy, vigorous people in order to carry on the work as it should be done. Physical culture is as necessary as mental and spiritual, and he asked that more be done along this line. Athletics will popularize the L. T. L. more with boys than any other thing, and baseball and football give the worker a chance to get nearer the boy's heart and life. He also urged more attention to the purity department, teach temperance in all things, eating as well as drinking; and fight all the allies of the saloon as well as liquor. Don't give up the work after a little; there is plenty of time if you do not fritter it away, so that you can give flowers or fruits to the sick or read to a shut-in. Carry on the work persistently, hopeful ever and then report what you are doing. Even if it be little, it may inspire others to try, and many a good deed will be done because your deed suggested it.

The paper by Miss Hazel Fitch of Jackson on "Cigarettes" gave the evils and the causes of troubles resulting from their use in such shape that the paper was put in the exchange bureau, as was that by Carl Unterkircher on ways of raising money for the L. T. L., telling of different kinds of socials and entertainments that will be popular, and Miss Lindsay's paper on the benefits of county organization.

Thursday evening Mrs. E. L. Calkins of Kalamazoo, state president of the W. C. T. U. talked on the financial burden of the liquor traffic. She spoke of Roosevelt's demand for a square deal. The cost of courts, charitable institutions and other officers of Kalamazoo county last year was \$76,000. The liquor organ had said that the saloons paid all these expenses and more, but as a fact, the saloons paid only \$32,000, and nearly all these county expenses were chargeable to them. Of the 1089 arrests in the county that year 707 were plain drunk, and a large part of the rest were vagrants, also drunk. She declared that the only way to reform the saloon is to kill it, and urged more earnest work against it, as the saloons do not give a square deal.

Friday morning an interesting paper on Japan, by Miss Belle Kearney, who lately visited there, was read by Miss May Beardsley, who wore a Japanese costume. The cause of the Crusader Monthly was presented by Miss Wintringer and of the state treasury by Mrs. Nella Dancey.

The old officers were re-elected, Mr. Starr and Mrs. Rowley receiving every vote on the nominating ballot. President Floyd Starr, Marshall; vice-president, Harold Pelham, Jackson; cor. sec., Mrs. Belle C. Rowley, Elkhart; Ind. rec. sec., Miss Jenny Barton, Big Prairie; treas., Mrs. Nella Dancey, Capac. The old superintendents were re-appointed: Flower mission, Miss Alice Springstead, Kalamazoo; franchise, Miss Edith Pfeiffer, Byron Centre; press, Lisle Fellows, Otsego; literature, Conda Ham, Big Rapids; exchange bureau, Edna Fitch, Jackson; Beulah Farm, Ralph Hess, Marshall; musical director, Miss Eva Bliss, Lansing.

The resolutions adopted re-affirm the L. T. L. belief in total abstinence and in prohibition by law and a political party; urge discouragement of cards, dancing and playing for prizes; urge that more attention be given to Christian citizenship work, to getting church societies to take up L. T. L. interests, to distributing more literature and getting more articles.

The cut we show here represents one of our hand-made Wagons. We warrant this wagon and want you to examine it

Sunday Excursion on Sunday, July 22

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER VII.

A few days later, attended by a small military escort, the party left the fort.

Winslow explained to the commander that there was double reason for taste—in their unwillingness to further trespass on his hospitality, no less than in the impatience of the ladies to join their relatives. Reasons which, though with all hospitable intent, the colonel supplemented by the practical suggestion that they take advantage of the present frosty condition of the trail. A little later, when the spring thaw had set in, the swamp lands would be well nigh impassable.

There being no available guides at the fort, it was decided that the soldiers accompany them to the nearest Indian village, a half day's march away, where they could obtain ponies and a guide for the journey north.

The little party arrived at nightfall within the Indian settlement, and the soldiers returned to the fort, having made arrangements with the chief of the village for their safe conduct.

Left to themselves in the gloomy wigwam, the travelers had much ado to be cheerful. The place was ill-smelling and close, and the flickering firelight but served to bring into bold relief the grotesque shadows that flouted them from every corner.

The loose-fitting skins of which the walls were made, creaked and flapped gismally. The brush of a fox and the head of a deer hung over the doorway; stray feathers blew over the floor as the wind stole in. Mrs. Creighton gave a shiver of disgust.

"How grawsome this place is. Trophies of dead things everywhere! I feel as though we were entertaining ghosts."

Lavender laughed low—uneasily. "Hush, and she lifted a warning finger. "Somebody is outside."

Winslow lifted the heavy flap that curtained the threshold. A rush of air made the torch burn low, and in



"A HARD CHOICE, TRULY," LAVENDER AGREED, WITH A SAUCY TOSS OF HER CHIN.

In darkness they could dimly discern the figure of a man—all, with a waving eagle plume above a beaded head-dress.

"Come in, friend," said Winslow, but the stranger made no move to enter. "Is the white maiden here?" His speech was guttural, but not harsh. "Where is the maid who is not afraid of an Osage arrow? Owatoga would speak with her!"

Owatoga! Then he had followed them. Was it as friend or foe? Lavender rose and went to the opening. "I am here, Owatoga."

There was a nervous quiver in her voice, and she grasped Winslow's arm, but the gigantic figure outside made no move nearer.

"You will need a guide—Owatoga knows the forest," he said.

Winslow dropped the curtain, and stood outside in the darkness, keeping close to Lavender as he addressed the Indian.

"You are a friend to this white maid?"

For answer, the other said, with irrelevance: "The arrow was taken out quick; Owatoga was not left to die."

"Then you are better? I am so glad," Lavender said, and the Indian responded, gravely: "Owatoga is well; he will be the guide for the white people tomorrow."

Without waiting for thanks, without further explanation, he disappeared, and Lavender whispered, triumphantly, as they reentered the wigwam: "I knew we could trust him!"

Next day they left the village, led only by their self-appointed guide. The ponies and other equipment had been bought of the Indians. Part of their route was to be that known as the Char Trail. The town of New Madrid was their first destination—there they would await the earliest boat north.

On stout Indian ponies they rode; sometimes over damp and slippery paths, but often where the hoofs beat rhythmic measure on the frozen way. Occasionally they crossed wandering bands of Indians, meeting with solid indifference or friendly grunts, but never a hostile show. By night camp fires kept off the cold, and stern foes, whose hungry howling was a mocking lullaby.

Owatoga rode ahead, rigid—silent as a stain chieftain on his horse awaiting mortal—the quick and the dead together.

Winslow's spirits rose with the occasion, and he begged with cheerful talk and unwearied attentions the "outing," as he laughingly called it.

Mrs. Creighton, too, rallied all her physical forces, and bore without flinching the discomforts of the hard travel.

America, alone, was miserable—the picture of cosmic distress.

Lavender was her buoyant self, and for the first time appealed to Charles in a purely personal way. Heretofore he had regarded her merely as a beautiful, but unessential factor in the sit-

uation—gradually she had come to be the sum of it.

Bent upon ambitious hopes, his future late in carving, love was in Winslow's mind an unwelcome guest; an intruder whose visit was to be deferred as long as possible. But there were signs of its coming; as Winslow watched Lavender—observed her tender thoughtfulness toward her mother—her regard for the welfare of all. He remembered the picture she made when seated in the wood with the Indian's head on her lap. Bare-headed, her hood the wounded man's pillow, the dying sun tipping her hair with arrow-points of bronze, she had seemed a wreath of daylight in the gathering shades. This revelation of the softer side of the girl's nature, of her ministrant care and dauntlessness in danger, touched him where ball-room blandishments or mere blithe maidenhood had failed.

She rode in advance, often turning for a word or smile. Often there were scarlet berries at her throat, or leaves twisted in mocking imitation of Owatoga's headdress.

Winslow's pleasure in the sight—his growing joy in her company, was dampened by self-reproach. Had all his hopes, his ambition for a career in the land of promise, come to this? That he could find content and satisfying happiness in the mere presence of a woman?

At last they came in sight of the Mississippi; dark, silent, the waters rolled, a vast moat; beyond it, steep and sheer, a wall of rock. To the travelers, ignorant of all that lay behind, that rocky wall might have been the fortress of the setting sun.

The spring was early, and ice drifted helplessly under its torn cerements of snow. They were not far from the settlement of New Madrid, and it was determined to follow the course of the river until the town was reached.

Slowly northward, for the spring rains had begun, and the fens and marshes were slimy underfoot, and foggy overhead.

The river, bearing its icy burden away to the south, served them in guidance grim, but true.

At last they reached the point directly opposite New Madrid. The squat stone cabins of the settlement were huddled together on the farther bank like great cakes of ice thrown from the river.

The day was gloomy; the blustering wind, hag-ridden, hurled snow and rain in their faces with alternate spite.

"This is not exactly a welcome, warm and heartfelt, is it?" laughed Winslow, as they dismounted and stood on the bank of the gray river under a scowling sky.

Out of the dusk loomed a group of wigwams, and Owatoga went forward to reconnoiter. He returned in company with another Indian whom he had engaged to ferry them over. Their few household goods had been carried in crates, bound with deerskin to the backs of ponies, and these were transferred to one pirogue. Two others were reserved for the passengers.

They arranged for the sale of the ponies and hospitality for the night, but with the first dawn the party embarked on the stakes were high.

One Indian stood in the prow, pushing aside with a long pole the eakes of ice which drifted like inquisitive monsters, close to the driving keel.

America cowered in abject fear in the stern; alternately invoking the wrath of Heaven upon the rash undertaking, and beseeching Divine aid in its outcome.

The other women bore the discomfort and danger with fortitude, even pleasure. In both was a strong sense of the dramatic, the picturesque. To Lavender, especially, this was as a draught of wine—this race with the swirling ice on the dark water in the cold gray dawn. Here and there a vain star yet dangled for a last look at herself in the watery mirror.

Another pause, then Flinch, the captain, spoke: "It was a fair game, and damme, if she ain't mine!"

At the brutal words, the prostrate ones rose, and shot a look of mingled hatred and pleading as would have touched a heart not maled and proof.

Suspicion of the frightful barker came over Winslow, but controlling a sickening sense of disgust, he asked, calmly: "Then the stakes were high, gentlemen?"

The planter groaned and dropped his head again to the table.

With a devil-may-care fling of his great shoulders, the captain rose. "High?" he repeated, "well, if there's a finer wench in the Louisiana territory, I'd like to have her, that's all."

At this the stricken player sprang to his feet, and with the grasp of a tiger was at the speaker's throat.

The door was suddenly opened, and the octoroon's wide, frightened eyes peered over the threshold.

Instantly the clinched man relaxed their hold, and the planter sank to his seat again.

With wondering anxiety the woman scanned each face, then timidly approached the gamblers: "William, master, consider duty done; the stranger could make shift to find his own hook in the chimney corner."

Such fare the travelers found, and for Lavender the style held a quaint, attractive interest.

"I like this kind of hospitality," she said one day. "I like their independent attitude. What they give is freely given, and one feels that it is with out effort."

"Entirely so," Winslow agreed, dryly, "and I don't like it. 'Pot luck,' as they call it, never appealed to me. I rather enjoy being made over."

CHAPTER VIII.

Suddenly, as if to surprise them, came the spring.

The winter carpet of sodden leaves was changed to one of bright young grass. Pussy-willows, like molting birds, dotted the marshy land with their yellow feathers, and every shady nook was dappled with pale and drooping wild-flowers.

On an afternoon in early March, Winslow and Lavender strolled to the water's edge to look for the boat which was hourly expected. A skiff was moored on the beach, and Lavender jumped to its prow, and, shading her eyes from the dancing sunlight, gazed down the river.

"In faith, a fine figure-head," Winslow said, "but the name have fought for a woman," and he turned away.

Winslow was tempted to follow—both from personal unwillingness to witness the harrowing scene, and from innate respect for the sanctity of sorrow. But just then he met the agonized gaze of the octoroon. All a woman's soul flashed from the eyes of this helpless chattel.

Rapidly his mind searched every avenue of escape for her. There was a way—he would try it.

"Will you tarry a moment?" and he closed the door as he spoke, "I have a suggestion to make."

There was a compelling power in his quiet words which made the crushed man raise his head with sudden hungry gaze in the bloodshot eyes. The woman staggered to her feet. Capt. Finch rewarded the speaker with a glare of malignant questioning.

The black bulk of the unwieldy keel-

bout was plainly visible—a dark line in the agate of river and sky.

Soon they could distinguish the forms of men on shore as they walked with bent head, and arms straining at the long cordelle, and there was a chorus of greeting.

It was indeed a cosmopolitan cry. The foreign twang of Spaniard and Frenchman joined to the lusty call of the American pioneer, while hero and thieve an Indian gave a whoop of welcome, and even America added her uncouth dialect to the greeting that sounded over the water.

On came the men, and after them the boat, drawn like the carcass of some huge thing of the sea.

A landing was soon made, and the captain came ashore—a swaggering, ill-conditioned fellow, whose ox-like strength and ferocity of temper held his little world in check.

There was clamorous outcry for goods expected or space for new cargo, but it consumed little time, since a large dry goods box carried the average shipment.

The appearance of the boat—her crew and passengers, was anything but prepossessing. Rough, uncouth, and, for the most part, depraved, the prospect of a journey with such men was disheartening.

But Winslow and his party resolved to make the best of it, keeping themselves and their inopportune refinement as much in the background as possible. Cramped quarters were provided them, and when the boat was ready they took leave of the settlement, "with surprisingly little regret, considering your fondness for 'pot luck,'" Winslow said, laughingly to Lavender.

The boat made slow progress, but they found ample entertainment in the beauties of the view. The sky and water, the now verdant banks on either side, were constant food for thought or converse. But to the majority of their fellow-voyagers, blind to shifting cloud and changing shadow, to ice-seamed bluff and towering pine, the hours dragged wearily.

Gambling was the chief diversion, and most of the men were inveterate players. Among these was a once wealthy planter journeying in company with an octoroon slave. He had lost fortune at the gaming table, but was possessed with a fever to win it back at a like hazard. The woman usually watched his play, and her influence alone had thus far prevented his utter ruin. Over his shoulder she often hung, and her dark comeliness would attract him from the dice or cards.

Toward the close of the second day's travel Winslow walked into the forward cabin, where the planter sat at cards with two men. One of them, Pat Flinch, the captain, shouted as Winslow entered: "Take a hand?"

"No, thanks, I'll look on."

There was silence, broken only by the rattle of coin, and the oaths of the players.

The air was stifling with the fumes of drink and tobacco, but Winslow remained, fascinated by the tense attitude of the gamblers. Evidently some untoward excitement was pending—and the stakes were high.

Suddenly there was a gurgling cry of "Lost, by God!" and the planter fell face downward on the table, scattering cards and money in blind confusion.

Another pause, then Flinch, the captain, spoke: "It was a fair game, and damme, if she ain't mine!"

At the brutal words, the prostrate ones rose, and shot a look of mingled hatred and pleading as would have touched a heart not maled and proof.

Suspicion of the frightful barker came over Winslow, but controlling a sickening sense of disgust, he asked, calmly: "Then the stakes were high, gentlemen?"

The planter groaned and dropped his head again to the table.

With a devil-may-care fling of his great shoulders, the captain rose. "High?" he repeated, "well, if there's a finer wench in the Louisiana territory, I'd like to have her, that's all."

At this the stricken player sprang to his feet, and with the grasp of a tiger was at the speaker's throat.

The door was suddenly opened, and the octoroon's wide, frightened eyes peered over the threshold.

Instantly the clinched man relaxed their hold, and the planter sank to his seat again.

With wondering anxiety the woman scanned each face, then timidly approached the gamblers: "William, master, consider duty done; the stranger could make shift to find his own hook in the chimney corner."

Such fare the travelers found, and for Lavender the style held a quaint, attractive interest.

"I like this kind of hospitality," she said one day. "I like their independent attitude. What they give is freely given, and one feels that it is with out effort."

"Entirely so," Winslow agreed, dryly, "and I don't like it. 'Pot luck,' as they call it, never appealed to me. I rather enjoy being made over."

CHAPTER VIII.

Suddenly, as if to surprise them, came the spring.

The winter carpet of sodden leaves was changed to one of bright young grass. Pussy-willows, like molting birds, dotted the marshy land with their yellow feathers, and every shady nook was dappled with pale and drooping wild-flowers.

On an afternoon in early March, Winslow and Lavender strolled to the water's edge to look for the boat which was hourly expected. A skiff was moored on the beach, and Lavender jumped to its prow, and, shading her eyes from the dancing sunlight, gazed down the river.

"In faith, a fine figure-head," Winslow said, "but the name have fought for a woman," and he turned away.

Winslow was tempted to follow—both from personal unwillingness to witness the harrowing scene, and from innate respect for the sanctity of sorrow. But just then he met the agonized gaze of the octoroon. All a woman's soul flashed from the eyes of this helpless chattel.

Rapidly his mind searched every avenue of escape for her. There was a way—he would try it.

"Will you tarry a moment?" and he closed the door as he spoke, "I have a suggestion to make."

There was a compelling power in his quiet words which made the crushed man raise his head with sudden hungry gaze in the bloodshot eyes. The woman staggered to her feet. Capt. Finch rewarded the speaker with a glare of malignant questioning.

Literary History.

APPAREL AND THE MAN.

Truth That Shakespeare Knew Whereof He Spoke Is Seen Every Day in Business World.

Among the most valuable assets the worker in almost any field can have are the razor, the shoe brush and the tooth powder. These are possessions within the reach of anyone. To have them and use them is a powerful help toward success. To neglect them is one of the surest means of meeting failure.

There is no man, no matter how careless he may be of his own personal appearance, that would not rather talk business to a man who is cleanly shaven, whose shoes are shined, whose teeth are white, and whose linen is in good condition, than to a man who is careless about his appearance. Employers know that the careful salesman usually sells the most goods. They know, too, that Shakespeare was right when he said that the apparel doth oft proclaim the man. They reason that unless a man has respect for himself he does not much mind whether others have respect for him or not. And a man who has no respect in himself need not be afraid of meeting failure.

First impressions often are the strongest impressions. A well-groomed man wins his way where the shabbily clad man is refused a

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler Tells How to Eat and How to As-similate.

Dr. George F. Butler, medical super-intendent of the Alma Springs Sanitarium, Alma, Mich., in the October number of "How to Live," gives some interesting as well as sensible rules for acquiring and keeping health. He says: "Without we eat and drink, we die! The provocative to do both rests with the appetite, which, in process of time, becomes a very uncertain guide; for the palate will often induce a desire and relish for that which is most mischievous and indigestible. The old saying of 'eat what you like' is now shunned by everybody of 20 years' experience. Still, without appetite, it is a very difficult affair to subsist—for the pleasure depends chiefly upon the relish. The relish may become, as has been stated, a vitiating one, but it is quite possible to make the stomach, by a little forbearance and practice, as enamored of what is wholesome and nutritious, as of that which is hurtful and not conceivable."

Again he says: "The delicate should feed carefully, not abundantly; it is not quantity which nourishes, but only that which assimilates."

"Be careful of your digestion" is the keynote of the doctor's argument. He says: "Health in man, as in other animals, depends upon the proper performance of all functions. These functions may be shortly said to be three: (1) tissue change; (2) removal of waste; (3) supply of new material. For the activity of man, like the heat of the fire by which he cooks his food, is maintained by combustion; and just as the fire may be prevented from burning brightly by improper disposition of the fuel, or imperfect supply of air, and as it will certainly go out if fresh fuel is not supplied, and may be choked by its own ashes, so man's activity may be lessened by imperfect tissue change and may be put an end to by an insufficient supply of new material and imperfect removal of waste products."

"We should see to it that free elimination is maintained, for the ashes must be kept out of the system in order to have good health. The skin, kidneys and bowels must do their eliminative work properly. If the bowels occasionally become torpid, try to regulate them with exercise and proper food, such as fruits, green vegetables, salads, cereals, corn, whole wheat or graham bread, fish, poultry, light soups, etc. Plenty of water is also valuable, and a glass full of cold or hot water the first thing upon rising in the morning will aid much in overcoming constipation. Regular habit, cold baths, and massage are very efficacious. In case the constipation does not yield to these hygienic measures, some simple, harmless laxative may be required, such as California Syrup of Figs—a non-irritating preparation of senna in fig syrup. Laxative mineral waters are beneficial in some cases, but not to be employed continually."

"Above all be an optimist, keep the heart young. Cultivate kindness, cheerfulness and love, and do not forget that we shall pass through this world but once." Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

Wants International Observatory.
Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard observatory, proposes to establish an international observatory. His committee is to be composed of the eminent astronomers of the world, who are to raise a sum of money, have a gigantic telescope built and placed on the most suitable spot on earth, and all to go to work.

The Spaniard stood alone, pensive, watching the smoke from his cigar, as it idly curled above his head, or with a sudden flaw was blown away in whirling rings. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, half aloud: "A rose blossoming in the wilderness!"

His teeth showed in a sardonic smile. "Nor is this rose without its guardian thorn. Well, so much the better worth plucking!" and he joined the others in the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

Thenceforward the little party was augmented by the unfailing presence of the Spaniard, Gonzaga.

Yet the newcomer bore himself in such quiet, gentlemanly fashion, as to disarm objections. He was never obtrusive, and contrived to make his society so agreeable that to none was he unwelcome. Even Winslow, who secretly deplored his coming, could not but admire his tact, his graceful, flowing conversation, his knowledge of the world.

He resented the attitude; he would test her upon the first opportunity.

From the position at the post, all unharmed, Gonzaga descended with a smile of triumph, and walked directly up to Lavender ready for his need of praise.

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,



(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Winslow continued: "If, as I understand, this gentleman has lost, and the woman was the stake upon his side, then, according to the laws of gambling—for I believe, there are laws of gambling—the woman is yours." He indicated the winner by a polite bow. Then may I inquire the amount staked against her?" he added.

A pause followed this abrupt question.

The planter, whose courage gradually rose with his springing hope, muttered: "One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars? A pitiful sum! You gave frightful odds. But of course you felt sure of winning," Winslow added, with suave sarcasm. Then turning to the captain, he proceeded: "It appears, then, that the woman is yours, but she is evidently an unwilling prize. Does not this fact considerably lessen her value? Suppose we play again, she the stake on your side—this mine."

He drew a small sack from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. No sound followed the clink of metal, or a woman's shuddering sigh.

Under gloomy brows her old master stared at the new. The latter stood for a moment, a frown of baffled rage distorting his sinister face.

"She was fairly staked, and fairly won," he declared. "The odds are not my business, and d—d if I'm to be bamboozled out of the profit of a fair game!"

"But what profit is there in an unwilling slave? You might sell her, to be sure, but that would not be sportsmanlike, and—" here Winslow stepped nearer with insinuating clink of money: "Come, you are no Shylock to stick to the letter of the bond; come!" and he slowly counted out \$100 which he slid to the table. The sack he replaced in his pocket.

All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few more turns of the cards, and both men pushed back their chairs—the game was over!

"She is yours, take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to the oar.

"I am here, your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation of his presence.

"All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self-contained.

The Spaniard looked on with an amused, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the bow of a Chesterfield, and the air of a student, should break a lance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and pity.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three loungers strolled in, and there was an interested ring about the



The Ypsilantian.

Established January 1, 1880

W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor
The YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Payable in Advance.
Family Edition, eight pages—Per year, \$1.50.
Local Edition, four pages—Per year, \$1.00.
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

BOOK AND PAPER PRINTING:
All our work is executed in the neatest style, promptly and at reasonable prices. Our facilities are excellent, and our workmen superior. A large and varied stock of Papers and Cards always on hand. Estimates upon any kind of printing upon application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

FRIENDS OF THE YPSILANTIAN WHO HAVE BUSINESS AT THE PROBATE COURT, WILL PLEASE REQUEST JUDGE LELAND TO SEND THEIR PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE

YPSILANTI, JULY 19, 1906

The Police Court Is Busy.

The peaceful opening of Justice Gunn's term of office was not prophetic, and any one who does not think the Justice is earning his salary should stay in his office awhile.

Thursday he obtained a pretty souvenir for his desk in the form of a bottle of liquid Paris green. Some time ago an old colored woman was obliged by change of owners to move, much against her will. Recently some friends of hers moved in where she had been and she hastened to warn them not to use the well. She said there was a bottle of quicksilver in that well and she feared the water would not be wholesome. The police searched the well, unearthing a small bottle of Paris green, tightly corked.

Later another bottle was found containing quicksilver, a leather pouch securely tied over the top.

The one who put them there had counted on the pump chain to break the bottles.

The theory is that the woman put the poison in the well to harm her successors and these proving to be her friends, she warned them. No arrests were made, nothing could be proved, and the woman is very old and hardly responsible.

Saturday Justice Gunn settled down to business. First came a civil suit of W. G. Archer vs. Hans Johnson to recover \$110 balance due on books and outfit advanced him by Archer when canvassing.

The case had dragged for two years, and as Johnson was not present or represented, the justice took the case under advisement. He suspended sentence on August Meyer, charged with using indecent language, but repentant and promising to reform, and warned the boys that had been stealing copper from the Peninsular mill to keep off those premises and to quit stealing under pain of sharp treatment next time. About \$50 worth of copper was recovered. Charles Taylor was brought in charged with drunkenness. Taylor is an elderly colored man, and has a habit when drunk of thinking he hears some one coming after him, and going to his door at night and shooting promiscuously into the darkness. His case went over to Tuesday. In the evening Edward Kramer, drunk, paid \$1 and costs and George Miller of Ann Arbor, drunk, paid the costs of the trial.

Tuesday the rush began again. Sam Mitchell and Andrew Boyle, the two umbrella menders who are chronic cases, were given 30 days at Ann Arbor for drunkenness. John Adams of Saline paid \$3 and \$4.00 costs for too much circus lemonade and August Meyer, whose reformation was brief, was sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit House of Correction. Wilbur Carter, colored, paid \$3 and costs, \$4.00, for a similar cause. Carter made Officer Ryan a heap of trouble on the street several times while going to jail and got badly battered up for his pains. He began the trouble by picking a fight with one of the showmen, it is said, and getting badly cut in that scrap. The Taylor case came up again that afternoon. Taylor was tried under the statute, though Prosecutor Sawyer said his case came under the ordinance and would not give the order for the trial. Taylor was let off on payment of the heavy costs and on promise to reform. Justice Gunn says Taylor is not a tramp and cases of some sorts of residents will be tried by him under the statute even without the prosecutor. Mr. Sawyer classes all drunks in the hobo class and will not O.K. county fees for them. That evening Clarence Harter living west of town, pleaded guilty to defrauding the DeMolies of livery hire and paid \$3 and costs, the first case under the new statute.

Van Amburg Shows.

The Van Amburg shows have come and gone, and we hear nothing but most favorable comment on the part of those patronizing them. The first thing to attract attention was the large group of horses, which were in fine condition and speak volumes for the care given them. The animals were all in good form and were very interesting. The large tent was comfortably filled in the afternoon, but in the evening was crowded to its utmost capacity. Everybody was delighted with the show, and what was especially noticeable was the good order both outside and within the tent. As is always the case, there were a few sleek operators following the shows, but they were closely watched, and persons minded their own business was not story of skin games to tell of. On the whole it was one of the most satisfactory shows that has ever come to Ypsilanti and should they come again would receive a most cordial welcome.

Auction.

Warren Lewis is a practical and successful auctioneer. He has the selling of live stock and real estate down to perfection. He has made some of the largest live stock sales ever held in the United States and Canada.

Brushes That Wear

not tear the hair—brushes that are strong and serviceable, shapely and beautiful—take up quite a bit of our showcase and drawer room. Many forms and sizes ("Military" or single) many prices. And not hair brushes only—tooth brushes, nail brushes, flesh brushes, too. Brush up on brushes.

SMITH BROS.
CITY DRUG STORE
103 Congress Street.

Right Up to Date

Our shelves are loaded down with the latest patterns in

Footwear

If you want an easy, durable, and stylish shoe, apply at our store,

204 CONGRESS ST.

Our Prices Are Right

E. E. TRIM

When a woman sees a piece of dress goods that she likes she will readily pay more for it than take a cheaper piece. That is why many women are ordering

"RICHELIEU"

Canned Goods

every day. They are not so very much higher in price than other goods, either—only better in quality.

Richelieu Corn, - 15c
Richelieu Peas, - 20c
Richelieu Beets, - 18c
Richelieu Spinach, 20c
Richelieu Succotash, 15c
Richelieu Lima Beans 15c

Davis & Co.
On the Corner

Stay With It.

The first day mother sent me to school I went home at recess, thinking school was out. As I have grown older I find that a whole lot of people did the same thing, and the sad part of the affair is that too many of us never went back. In life be careful that you don't go home at recess. If you start to learn a trade or profession, stay by it and master it. Don't chase away at recess. If you have a business, attend to it. Don't go home at recess. This going home at recess has sent many a business man into bankruptcy. It has caused mothers' tears to flow and mother hearts to ache. It has made crusty old bachelors and sour old maids. It has filled worlds with ignorance and made barren deserts of fertile plains. Going home at recess means that you have fallen asleep at the switch and your train has plunged into the ditch. Always stay until school is out—Osborne County (Kan.) Farmer.

The Air of London.
There is no fresh air in the heart of London, according to the conclusions of a recent investigator. He says: "No evidence of ozone was anywhere apparent except at Brownswood park in the northeast. It was from the northeast quarter the wind was blowing, and the air had lost all trace of ozone before it had reached Hyde park. At Bushey park, although practically a country district, no ozone was present in the air. London had not only abstracted the goodness out of the air that swept over it, but had added to it the exhalations from the breath and bodies of millions of human beings and tens of thousands of animals. Persons living within a one or two mile radius of Charing Cross cannot have fresh air entering their dwellings at

Council Proceedings.

City Clerk Damon was granted a vacation of two weeks by the council Monday night, one thing that all will agree is well done.

The council went on ordering things about as usual. South Summit street residents who want their curbing at once were granted their request. Curbing was ordered on the west side of Prospect street between Oak and Maple; on north side Congress from Adams to Hamilton; on south Adams by the Younglove place; on east side Adams from Cross street to Florence and from Forest to Olive, both sides; also on north side Ellis from Perrin to Normal. Objections will be heard Aug. 6.

A petition to open Perrin street north from Forest avenue to St. John street, which will be a great convenience to those who send their children to the Normal from St. John and neighboring streets, was referred to the streets and walks committee.

The board of works inquiry as to how the second sewer district is to get more money was referred to the aldermen. A request for a curb and cement gutter or apron on Pearl street, signed by C. R. Huston and others, caused much discussion. The point was made whether the city or the citizen would have to pay for the apron. Ald. Stevens thought the ward fund should take care of the gutter as in the 3d ward. Finally it was referred to the aldermen of that ward.

The ordinance committee, despairing of making the Ypsi-Ann live up to its present ordinance agreement as to sprinkling brought in an ordinance declaring it unlawful to run cars inside the city limits at over six miles an hour, under penalty of \$50 fine or 90 days' imprisonment for each offense, but exempting the company that thoroughly sprinkled between the tracks and eighteen inches beyond them from this provision. The law was one of the pleasantest of all the week.

A Day of Accidents.

Harry Breining, son of Joseph Breining, and a popular young man here, was killed at Grass Lake Tuesday morning while helping switch a train. He was brakeman on the Central and was fixing an air brake when the train backed upon him. One leg was cut off and his arm broken. He lived to be brought to the hospital and to leave messages for his dear ones. He was 21 years old and unmarried, and formerly was with Martin Dawson in this city. He leaves a young brother besides his parents to mourn his sad death. The funeral was at the Quaker church to-day.

Joseph Hutting had a serious fall Tuesday morning on the Beyer farm. He fell from a scaffolding in the barn 28 feet, striking on a saw-horse with such force as to break it. His skin was scraped off for some distance and he was severely bruised, but no bones were broken and he hopes to be around soon.

One of the Normal teachers was thrown from her bicycle Tuesday evening on Washington street, by colliding with a horse. She fell so that the buggy passed over her, but was not seriously hurt.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; B. Y. P. U., 6. No evening service.

Rev. H. M. Morey will preach in the morning, as Mr. Hutchins preaches at the North Woodward avenue Baptist church in Detroit.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.

Morning theme, "She hath done what she could."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7. Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, 11:30; Epworth League, 6; Dr. Ford's Bible class, 11:30; Intermediate League and Boys' class, 3.

Morning topic, "The Peacemaker's Privilege." Evening union service, Rev. Francis Carruthers of Marine City will preach.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIntrye, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday School, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3:30; C. E., 6.

Morning theme, "Charity thinketh no evil."

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 6th Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, sermons, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evensong, 5.

Christian Science services are held in the basement of the Savings Bank Building, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for July 22, "Love."

An Evening of Delight.

The Normal summer concert last night drew an immense audience that overflowed upon the fire escapes and stairways and that was most enthusiastic over the beautiful music offered by Prof. Pease. Fred Ellis never sang more beautifully, his smooth, mellow baritone and artistic method delighting every one in several of his old favorites. Mr. Ern played with exquisite delicacy and feeling and was tumultuously recalled again and again. Miss Marion Scotten of Detroit played Chopin, Liszt, the Raff Spinning song and a Schubert waltz with fine technique, much power, skill, and expression. Those who knew Mrs. Rebekah Scotten-Day as a brilliant pianist wondered why she had chosen vocal study instead. Prof. Pease and Miss Clara Brabb were admirable as accompanists, and the program of generous proportions was all too short.

The Last of a Pleasant Week.

Richard Wyche Thursday evening gave the finest of his story-lectures, the simple story of the Odyssey, without interruption or digression, and he held his hearers rapt. During the telling of the home-coming of Ulysses, the people were leaning forward and scarcely moving, so complete was the story teller's spell, and nowhere was Mr. Wyche supreme in his art as on this night. Friday night he told some of the King Arthur stories, but he had been unable to get into the mood, so that he chose the story of Geraint instead of the Holy Grail or Elaine as an interlude, and the audience was not so satisfied, till he went on to the passing of Arthur, where the old power and magic came back and the rapport was again perfect, the hearers carried away to the lonely lake and into the mystery of Arthur's passing.

Saturday morning about fifty people had the rare delight of meeting the speaker under the trees for a story telling hour. The party sang plantation melodies and several told good stories, and after much urging President Jones gave a very clever story of his own experience that took the audience by storm. Mr. Wyche then explained the story tellers' league work, its aim to preserve traditions of events and people that are told in all neighborhoods as well as to give the tellers power in self-expression, and ended by telling the "tallypoo" ghost story till his hearers could feel their hair rise, warning them, however, never to tell such stories to young children. The law was one of the pleasantest of all the week.

A Day of Accidents.

Harry Breining, son of Joseph Breining, and a popular young man here, was killed at Grass Lake Tuesday morning while helping switch a train. He was brakeman on the Central and was fixing an air brake when the train backed upon him. One leg was cut off and his arm broken. He lived to be brought to the hospital and to leave messages for his dear ones. He was 21 years old and unmarried, and formerly was with Martin Dawson in this city. He leaves a young brother besides his parents to mourn his sad death. The funeral was at the Quaker church to-day.

Joseph Hutting had a serious fall Tuesday morning on the Beyer farm. He fell from a scaffolding in the barn 28 feet, striking on a saw-horse with such force as to break it. His skin was scraped off for some distance and he was severely bruised, but no bones were broken and he hopes to be around soon.

One of the Normal teachers was thrown from her bicycle Tuesday evening on Washington street, by colliding with a horse. She fell so that the buggy passed over her, but was not seriously hurt.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.

Morning theme, "She hath done what she could."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Saturday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7. Saturday evenings on the street.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, 11:30.

Morning theme, "Charity thinketh no evil."

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIntrye, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday School, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3:30; C. E., 6.

Morning theme, "Charity thinketh no evil."

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 6th Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, sermons, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evensong, 5.

Christian Science services are held in the basement of the Savings Bank Building, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for July 22, "Love."

An Evening of Delight.

The Normal summer concert last night drew an immense audience that overflowed upon the fire escapes and stairways and that was most enthusiastic over the beautiful music offered by Prof. Pease. Fred Ellis never sang more beautifully, his smooth, mellow baritone and artistic method delighting every one in several of his old favorites. Mr. Ern played with exquisite delicacy and feeling and was tumultuously recalled again and again. Miss Marion Scotten of Detroit played Chopin, Liszt, the Raff Spinning song and a Schubert waltz with fine technique, much power, skill, and expression. Those who knew Mrs. Rebekah Scotten-Day as a brilliant pianist wondered why she had chosen vocal study instead. Prof. Pease and Miss Clara Brabb were admirable as accompanists, and the program of generous proportions was all too short.